

The Janesville Daily Gazette.

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JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1881.

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NUMBER 265

There are 23,500 persons employed on the railways in Wisconsin.

General Garfield can break as many cabinets as his "friends" can make.

The public will be sorry to hear that the Madison Democrat does not like Governor Smith's message.

The report that the grave of Governor J. D. Williams had been robbed, is denied by the authorities at Vincennes.

Senator Blaine contradicts the report that he is going to build a house in Washington. He has a fine one there already and doesn't want another.

It has been stated by telegraph from Stevens Point, in this State, that the mercury stood 52 degrees below zero in that place last Monday morning. Stevens Point has great thermometers.

There are ten Republican candidates for the speakership of the House of Representatives all prominent members and good parliamentarians. Frye, of Maine, seems to be in the lead thus far.

There is no man in this country who can keep his own counsel better than General Garfield. Speculators in what he will do about appointments, and cabinet makers, are put to a disadvantage.

When the Democrats in Congress dropped the electoral count discussion just before the holiday adjournment, they promised to bring the matter up again on the re-assembling of Congress. The holiday recess is over, but the Democrats seem to have forgotten the electoral count resolution.

It is said that Chicago is the greatest theater-going city in America, and yet the engagement of Sara Bernhardt will not be as successful, financially, as her engagements in New York and Boston. She plays two weeks in Chicago, and the sale of tickets will not be over \$300,000, while the receipts in New York were \$98,000 for four weeks, and \$149,000 in Boston for two weeks.

The Wisconsin Supreme Court holds that money lent on a Sunday cannot be recovered. It regards the act in the light of a business transaction, and even goes to the extent of holding that if a promise is made subsequently to pay the money borrowed on a Sunday it cannot be recovered. The opinion in this interesting case was written by Justice Cassaday, and is one of the most important opinions announced by the Supreme Court for a long time.

Two years ago the Democrats had to pay dearly for the extra session. They haven't forgotten what that famous session cost them. This time the Democratic leaders seem to have only one desire, and that is to avoid another extra session. It is said the Democrats in Congress are becoming so meek that they are willing to vote pay to the deputy marshals for the past three years, and the Democrats on the appropriation committee in the House are ready to recommend a bill to wipe out all indebtedness to deputy marshals.

Mr. Hiram Smith, of Sheboygan county, read an interesting paper before the Wisconsin dairymen's association at Wausau, the other day, on "mixed farming," in which he said that as commonly understood, it was a delusion and a snare. In conducting his own farm he said he made everything it would raise contribute to the production of milk, to be made in product, and made an itemized account to show that in so doing he made fifty-two cows earn an income of about \$77 cash for the year 1880 on 213 acres of land. This is a question which the farmers of Rock county should patiently and thoroughly consider.

Harris M. Plaisted, the Fusion Governor of Maine, is 52 years old. He was brought up on a farm and for several years taught school in winter and did farm work in the summers. In 1855 he graduated at the Albany law school. He entered the army as Colonel of the 11th Maine infantry, was promoted to brigadier-general, and at the close of the war was brevetted major-general. He served two years in the Maine Legislature and was a delegate to the Chicago convention in 1868 which nominated General Grant. He was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Samuel F. Hersey, being supported by the Republicans and opposed by the Democrats. When the Greenback craze entered Maine, Governor Plaisted was seduced by its influences, and became a Greenbacker—and then a Greenback-Democrat, or a Fusionist.

At a meeting of the Liqueur Dealers' Association held in Washington on Thursday, the following resolution was adopted:

Be it Resolved, That we denounce such gatherings and all assemblies for business or political purposes on the Sabbath day as unchristian and as subversive of the time-honored custom among the people to observe a Sunday with becoming meekness and charity.

This was intended as a thrust at the temperance meetings held on Sunday, and shows to what straits the Liqueur Dealers' Association is driven for argument against the attempt to save the intemperate. The work of saving men from the bondage of intemperance is a religious work. It requires the noblest impulses to carry on a movement which has for its only object the saving of men from drunkenness and ruin, and their families from mental suffering, and from rags and starvation. Sunday is a good day on which to do that work. It is the day of all days on

which to labor for such a cause, and the Liqueur Dealers' Association brought itself into contempt by its pretended regard for the Sabbath day.

A movement is on foot in New York to raise funds with which to build a marble monument in Central Park commemorative of that poetic genius—Edgar Allan Poe. He was a strange character and an unfortunate man. He died under a cloud in the very prime of young manhood, but his works will live as long as American literature is read. He was the child of an actor and actress, and for this reason many of the leading artists in this country will lend important aid in contributing to the monument fund. Edwin Booth and Clara Morris have already acted one night for this object; and John McCullough, Mary Anderson, Lawrence Barrett, McKee Rankin, and many others have promised to act for the fund. Beside these important contributions, many of the leading literary men and women have signified a deep interest in the work and will contribute liberally. Poor Poe! Whatever may have been his faults, he will always be remembered as one of the great literary lights of this century, and his memory will be held dear to every American.

The Republicans of New York have nominated the Hon. Thomas C. Platt, of United States Senator, as successor to Francis Kernan, Democrat. The nomination of Mr. Platt is another evidence of the power of Senator Conkling in New York politics. Mr. Platt was Senator Conkling's candidate. There was considerable opposition to him coming from the anti-stalwarts, but Conkling's power counterbalanced all opposition, and Platt received the nomination. When the caucus had finished its work, amid great excitement and applause, Senator Conkling who was present to marshal the Platt forces, rose and said: "I congratulate the Republican party and the State of New York on the choice of a senator who never apologized for being a stalwart Republican." Thomas C. Platt is still a young man, having been born in 1833. He lives at Tioga, and is president of a national bank, and has extensive lumbering interests in Michigan. He served in the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses. He is an ambitious and dashing Republican politician, a man of ability, of personal probity, and will honor New York in the Senate of the United States.

FRAUDULENT BUTTER.

The immense quantity of "butterine" or oleomargarine, now on the market has attracted a good deal of attention in all the Northwestern States, and steps are being taken to legislate against the selling of these articles as butter. There are thousands of pounds of oleomargarine sold every week to persons who suppose they are buying a genuine article of butter. The aim is to compel the manufacturers of butterine or oleomargarine, to mark it as such and not sell it as pure butter. Leading off in this movement in this State, is Senator Anderson, of Dane county, who has introduced a bill compelling manufacturers of this so-called butter to properly mark the article, so that it can be distinguished from pure butter. The bill is so necessary on its face that there will hardly be any opposition to it in the Senate, and in the Assembly it will meet with a warm reception. The first three sections of the bill are as follows:

SECTION 1. Every person, company or corporation who shall manufacture, sell or offer for sale any article in imitation of butter, which has been manufactured wholly or in part from tallow, or any substance other than that of cream from milk, shall mark each tin, tub, package or parcel on top of same, in letters not less than one inch in length, and breadth in proportion, and in such manner that it may be plainly read by persons wishing to purchase the same, the word "Oleomargarine." If made wholly or partially from lard, each tin, tub, package or parcel shall be marked "Butterine" in large letters as required.

SECTION 2. Every person, company or corporation who shall sell, or offer for sale, honey which is adulterated with glucose or any other substance, shall mark the packages or parcels with the words "Adulterated Honey," as required by section 1 of this act.

SECTION 3. Any person, firm or corporation found guilty of any violation of this act, shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail, not less than ten days nor more than six months, or by a fine of not less than \$10 nor more than \$100, or both, in the discretion of the court.

There is no doubt this bill will pass, but there is a general feeling that it will become a dead letter on the statute books. Senator Paul, of Milwaukee, says the purpose of the bill is legitimate and in the interest of truth and fair dealing; but he is of the opinion that it would soon be lost sight of. There are other similar laws on our statute books, he remarks, which cover nearly the whole ground, and they are wholly unobserved. The enactment of last winter in relation to beer was cited as an instance of how such laws are allowed to become wholly inoperative. He declares that it cannot be the successful province of legislative bodies to make every dealer tell the truth about his wares, or every manufacturer honest in putting wares upon the market.

THE SENATORIAL STATE.

The Two Leading Candidates Confident of Final Success.

The Dark Horse Candidate is not Thought of at the Keyes Headquarters.

The Figures on the State Now Stand Keyes, 39, Sawyer, 38, Doubtful, 26.

Senator Blaine is to be the "Power Behind the Throne" in Garfield's Cabinet.

So Says an Intimate Friend of General Garfield Just Returned from Mentor.

Another Bill to Pension Retired and Retiring Presidents of the United States.

The House Commerce Committee Consider the Reservoir Bill.

A Remarkable Death Sentence in Quebec, Canada.

Other Interesting State and Miscellaneous News Items.

FROM MADISON.

Special to the Gazette.
MADISON, Jan. 15.—The past week has given both Keyes and Sawyer ample opportunity to look over the field and determine as to their relative strength. Sawyer's advent on Monday was heralded with much noise and a good deal of bluster, which had its effect upon the doubtful ones. After a careful survey of the situation and close investigation, the Sawyer men claim, it would seem, that the situation is not at all discouraging to Keyes. The dark horse is not thought of by him, he claims that no third candidate can make the slightest impression upon his supporters. Ardent Sawyer men say that he is sure of sixty votes, and express the utmost confidence in his election. The latest and most reliable figures give Keyes 39, Sawyer 38, and doubtful 26.

THE CABINET.

Senator Blaine to be the "Power Behind the Throne."

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—An intimate friend of General Garfield and of Senator Blaine says it is quite certain Mr. Blaine is to be the first member of the new cabinet, and further, that Mr. Blaine will be a great power with the new administration. He says that after mature deliberation Garfield has come to the conclusion to train more with the men who made his nomination at Chicago than with the Grant element, although he does not desire to antagonize that element, and is desirous to do what he can to conciliate without a sacrifice of his independence. It is understood that the Grant element have indicated that in their opinion two cabinet positions should be placed at their disposal, and have mentioned the two departments which control the great bulk of the enormous patronage of the Federal government—the treasury and the postoffice. The Grant people, it is said, are very anxious to have Mr. Boutwell, of Colorado, for postmaster-general, who, it is said, gave \$50,000 to the Republican campaign fund, but Gen. Garfield has concluded, his friend says, not to appoint Mr. Boutwell, or to put in his cabinet any other pronounced out-and-out Grant and Conkling men. New York, he says, will have one cabinet position, most probably that of the secretary of the interior and he believes that Vice-President Wheeler can have this position if he will take it. Mr. Wheeler has not mixed himself up with the squabbles of the two wings of the Republican party in New York, but has kept on friendly terms with both, and would, therefore, be acceptable to both.

A REMARKABLE SENTENCE.

STE. SCHOLASTIQUE, Que., Jan. 14.—Jean Baptiste Narbonne, who confessed the murder of his brother Dan, with his father and step-mother (each 80 years old), at whose instigation he committed the deed, were each sentenced to be hanged on the 25th of February, between 8 and 10 o'clock in the morning.

THE RESERVOIRS.

Senator Windom and Congressman Washburne, Pound and Williams Explain Matters.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Senator Windom and Mr. Washburne, of Minnesota, and Gov. Pound and Representative Williams, of Wisconsin, appeared before the House commerce committee today, and answered the report of the Mississippi river commission, in so far as, by implication, that report proposed to ignore or to abandon the reservoir system. Speeches were made by all of these gentlemen, stating very forcibly the arguments in favor of the reservoir system. Governor Pound, who made the opening speech, maintained, to begin with, that the Mississippi river commission claim not to have jurisdiction of the navigable tributaries of the Upper Mississippi, which, in fact, most of the Upper Mississippi valley is floated. In view of this claim, Governor Pound insisted that the commission was not in a position to express opinions as to the value of the reservoir system, as they do not claim to have full knowledge on the subject. In

fact, the members of the commission today express a desire to in some degree modify their report of yesterday, or, at least, wish it to be understood that they are not opposed to the reservoir system, and did not recommend that it be abandoned. They desire only to be understood as meaning that further surveys shall be made before Congress commits itself to this general plan.

ANOTHER BILL.

To Pension Retired and Retiring Presidents of the United States.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The bill introduced today by Senator Hoar (by request) "To provide for the retired and retiring Presidents," proposes to pay annually to every ex-President of the United States, a sum equal to one-fourth of the salary paid while in office. The petition presented with the bill is signed by J. M. Forbes, Leverett Saltonstall, E. R. Hoar, and ten other citizens of Boston. They represent that "history has transmitted to us many sad records of the sufferings of our earlier chief magistrates from insufficient pecuniary means during their declining years;" that public opinion fully recognizes that it is beneath the dignity of a great nation, after calling upon its best men for their services during the prime of their lives, to neglect making any provision for them after their retirement from the chief office of the Nation, and the petitioners therefore "urge that immediate action be taken by Congress for a suitable provision for our retired Presidents."

PENSIONS.

Good Advice, Whatever the Annuity.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The late discussions here over the management of pension cases by certain claim agents is bringing to light many facts connected with the business. It has been the practice of the Commissioner of Pensions to answer all communications of members of Congress in regard to pensions as promptly as possible, knowing that a very considerable portion of their correspondence consists of efforts to aid some of their soldier constituents, or their heirs. Last year over 40,000 letters were written from the office, giving members and Senators information as to what was needed to advance pension cases. This free and effective service to applicants on the part of members of Congress has given great concern to certain claim agents who desire to perform the same service for money.

Burnett's Cocaine—The Best Hair Dressing in the World.

BURNETT'S COCAINE, allays irritation, removes all tendency to dandruff, invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree, and has earned a deserved reputation for promoting the growth and preserving the beauty of the human hair. Ladies dressing their hair elaborately for the evening will find that it imparts a healthy natural gloss to the hair, and will cause it to retain its shape for hours.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are used and endorsed by the best Hotels, Confectioners and Grocers throughout the country. They are perfectly pure.

A SPECTRE TRAIN.

It Stops a Railroad Train and Backs it Three Miles—A Strange Circumstance That is Thought of as a Phenomenon.

(From the Davenport Democrat.)
One of the most singular events that ever arose in the experience of railroad men came across the engineer, fireman and brakeman on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific express which left Davenport for Council Bluffs on the evening of Thursday, the 30th ult.
The train pulled out of this city, James Raynor, conductor, at 7:10 o'clock. The weather was bitter cold that night, it will be remembered, the mercury falling to 15 degrees below zero. Nothing unusual happened until after the train had come from Marengo at 11 o'clock—and about three miles west of that town the engineer, J. R. Wilkinson, saw in the distance ahead a locomotive headlight, and he said to his fireman, David Myers, "Dave, what on earth is that train on the track on our time?" Dave looked ahead, and there was the headlight sure enough—and Wilkinson immediately closed his throttle, applied the air brakes and stopped. The brakeman jumped off to ascertain the cause of the halt, and they too, saw the headlight coming. The engineer and fireman watched the distant glare a moment, and it quivered exactly as a headlight does when viewed at a distance, from a fast approaching engine—and the track for a long distance in front of it glinted like silver in its light.
The conductor did not get off to see the light, and so missed the sight.
But as there was a train ahead, with an apparent right to the track, the express train backed to Marengo in short order. There a telegram was sent to the train dispatcher at Des Moines, informing him of the unexpected train, and asking for instructions. His answer was, "No train between Marengo and Brooklyn." "But the engineer reports seeing a train!" "Impossible—there is no wild train on that section, and regulars all right—go ahead, tell you." And again the train pulled out of Marengo—but the strange headlight was seen no more. To those who beheld it when the train stopped, it was real as any light they ever saw, and all were as certain that there was a locomotive with the train coming toward them as they lived.
It is now believed that a sort of mirage or reflection of Wilkinson's headlight was produced at the place by some freak of the elements in that clear, cold, frosty air, and that this was what Mr. Wilkinson, Dave Myers and the brakeman saw. It was real enough to send the train speeding back to Marengo for instructions. Mayhap it was a spectre train, of which there are several in railroad lore.

COMMERCIAL NEWS.

JANESVILLE MARKETS.

Reported for the Gazette by Sump & Gray, Grain and Produce Dealers.

JANESVILLE, January 12.
Receipts of grain were liberal today, and the

market ruled firm at the following quotations:
FLOUR—Now Process \$1.50 per sack; Wisconsin \$1.25 per sack.
RYE FLOUR—\$2.25 per 100 lbs.
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—85c per sack.
WHEAT—Winter, 75¢; Good to best milling spring 80¢; shipping grades 70¢.
WHEAT BRAN—60c per 100; Buckwheat Bran 50c per 100; \$8.00 per ton.
MEAL—coarse, 80c per 100; bolted 30c per sack.
FEED—80¢ per 100 lbs.
SHOULDERS—20¢ per 100 lbs. Ton \$12.
RICE—in good request at 17¢.
BARLEY—Bright samples 55¢; common to fair quality 50¢.
CORN—shelled for 60 lbs. 25¢; ear 63¢ for 75 lbs.
OATS—white 20¢; mixed 20¢.
TIMOTHY SEED—in demand at \$2.00-\$2.25 per 40 pounds.
CLOVER SEED—saleable at \$4.50-\$4.75 per bushel.
HAY—Timothy \$8.00-\$10.00 per ton; Marsh and other kinds \$5.00-\$7.00.
POTATOES—good demand at 35¢.
BUTTER—good supply at 18¢.
BEANS—dull at 60¢ per bushel.
CORN—No. 2, cash, 57¢.
HIDES—Green, 65¢; calf 50¢; Dry, 12¢-14¢.
WOOL—in demand at 35¢ for fair to choice clips; 15¢ off for unmerchantable.
SHEEP PELTS—Range at 50¢-61¢ each.
LIVE STOCK—Cattle \$3.00-\$4.50 per 100 lbs; Hog \$4.00-\$4.50 per 100 lbs.
POULTRY—Turkeys 90¢; Chickens 60¢.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, January 11.
WHEAT—No. 2 spring wheat cash, 98¢; No. 3 spring wheat cash, 96¢.
CORN—No. 2, cash, 57¢.
OATS—No. 2, at 31¢.
BARLEY—No. 3, at 77¢.
PORK—Cash net, \$13.37½.
LARD—Cash \$8.80.
LIVE HOGS—\$3.50-5.25 according to grade.
BUTTER—28¢, 22¢, 23¢, 15¢, according to quality.
CHEESE—7¢-10¢, according to quality.
EGGS—Fresh, 57¢.
HAY—Timothy, No. 1, \$11.00-\$15.00; do No. 2 \$13.50-\$14.50.
HOPS—12¢-15¢.
HONEY—Good to new choice comb in boxes at 15¢-16¢.
SEEDS—Clover at \$4.00-\$5.00; Timothy \$2.50-\$3.00; Flax, \$1.18.
TALLOW—No. 1, 5½¢; No. 2, 5¢.
WHISKY—\$1.11.
WOOL—Tub-washed bright, 40¢-50¢; unwashed, 28¢-32¢; coarse 20¢-25¢.

MILWAUKEE.

MILWAUKEE, January 14.
FLOUR—Fair demand.
WHEAT—Quiet; closed steady; No. 1 Milwaukee hard nominal; No. 1 Milwaukee 110¢; No. 2 Milwaukee 97¢; January 97¢; February 95¢; March 94¢; No. 3 do 92¢; No. 4 do 74¢; rejected nominal.
CORN—No. 2, 37¢.
OATS—No. 2, 31¢.
RYE—No. 1, 57¢.
BARLEY—No. 2, 52¢.
PORK—Mess pork, \$13.30.
LARD—Prime steam \$8.75.

MONETARY.

NEW YORK, January 14.
Money, 3 per cent.
Government bonds steady.
State bonds quiet.
Stocks, strong.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Money, 3 per cent.
Government bonds steady.
State bonds quiet.
Stocks, strong.

UNDERTAKERS.

Fourteen Years Experience.
NEXT TO THE P. O. - JANESVILLE, WIS.
BRITTON & KIMBALL.

HELP.

Yourselves by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address: BRITTON & KIMBALL, 31 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

SHARP & SMITH.

Manufacturers of SCISSORS, SHARPENERS, APPARATUS for DENTISTS of every description, ELASTIC STOCKINGS for Varicose Veins and Weak Joints, CHURCHES, SHEDS, BATHS, and all kinds of Building, ARTIFICIAL LEGS and ARMS, WHEEL CHAIRS for Invalids, RUBBER AIR PILLOWS and CHAIRS for Invalids, RUBBER PILLOWS, of every variety, 10 RANDOLPH ST., Chicago. Trusses fitted by a thoroughly competent person and warranted.

TO RENT!

The Finest Offices in the city. Bennett's Building. Enquire of J. P. BENNETT, 31 Milwaukee Street.

THIS NEW AND CORRECT MAP

Proves beyond any reasonable question that the

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY

Is by all odds the best road for you to take when traveling in either direction between

Chicago and all of the Principal Points in the West, North and Northwest.

Carefully examine this Map. The Principal Cities of the West and Northwest are Stations on this road. Its through trains make close connections with the trains of all railroads at junction points.



PULLMAN HOTEL DINING CARS.

It is the only road that runs Pullman Sleeping Cars North or Northwest of Chicago. It has nearly 3,000 MILES OF ROAD. It forms the following trunk lines: "Council Bluffs, Denver & California Line." "Winona, Minnesota & Central Dakota Line." "St. Paul, St. Louis, Keokuk & Yankton Line." "Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis Line." "St. Louis, Keokuk & Yankton Line." "Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis Line." Tickets over this road are sold by all Coupon Ticket Agents in the United States and Canada. Remember to ask for Tickets via this road, be sure they read over it, and take none other. MARVIN HUGHITT, Gen'l Manager, Chicago. W. H. STENNETT, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Coffee, Coffee.

1,250 Pounds, over half a ton of choice O. G. Java Coffee in stock at 35 cts, our own Roasting, and 50 cts Green. This is the cheapest lot of Coffee that has been in the market for years.
J. A. DENNISTON.
RIO COFFEE. Prime at 35 cts Green, and 35 cts our own Roasting, at DENNISTON'S.
BLACK TEA, the choicest in market; also a new lot of Loose Tea at DENNISTON'S.
NO SECOND QUALITY GOODS at DENNISTON'S. Every thing the best and consequently the cheapest.
CALIFORNIA Grapes and Pears at DENNISTON'S.
BURNETT'S Extracts and Colognes at DENNISTON'S.
HICKORY'S Self-Raising Back-Wheat Flour at DENNISTON'S.
CHOICE Preserves, Damson, Cherry, Quince, Peach, etc., at DENNISTON'S.
CHOWDERS, Fish and Clam at DENNISTON'S.
PEARCE'S unrivaled Soda Crackers at DENNISTON'S.
SARDINES in Mustard, Oil, and Tomato Sauce at DENNISTON'S.
LOOMIS ALLEN & Co., Sweet Corn and Sugar-tash at DENNISTON'S.
ATMOS justly celebrated Mince-Meat at DENNISTON'S.
BROOK Trout and Fresh Mackerel at DENNISTON'S.
HAM CURED TENDER LOIN at DENNISTON'S.
OSWEGO Corn Starch Crackers at DENNISTON'S.
A Case of Fresh Condensed Milk at DENNISTON'S.
PRUNELLS make the Finest Sauce; get them at DENNISTON'S.
STEAM COOKED OAT MEAL and Wheat 23 Different kinds of Crackers at DENNISTON'S.

FURNITURE!

HOLIDAY TRADE!

Bottom Prices at BRITTON & KIMBALL'S

We will sell until further orders, a fine Black Walnut Marble Top Chamber Suite, 18x40 plate, Double Decks, Slipper Drawers, all complete for \$45. A Fine 7 piece Parlor Suite, Plush Bands, top and bottom, large patent Rockers, for \$55. Are receiving daily a fine lot of Holiday Goods at low prices. Call and pick out your presents and have them set aside. We will give you figures on goods of all kinds that can't be beat. Extension Tables \$5.00; these prices are for cash. Children's Sleds, Express Wagons, Toy Furniture for the little folk, and good substantial Furniture for the big folk.

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BROOK Trout and Fresh Mackerel at DENNISTON'S.
HAM CURED TENDER LOIN at DENNISTON'S.
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We will sell until further orders, a fine Black Walnut Marble Top Chamber Suite, 18x40 plate, Double Decks, Slipper Drawers, all complete for \$45. A Fine 7 piece Parlor Suite, Plush Bands, top and bottom, large patent Rockers, for \$55. Are receiving daily a fine lot of Holiday Goods at

PHILEMON'S CIRCUS.

"—Together with life and drums. The gigantic procession, headed by the stupendous gilded chariot, will move through the town at seven o'clock a. m. precisely," ended Tom Tadgers, quoting from the handbills.

"Through this town?" asked Philemon, much excited.

Tom Tadgers gave him a withering glance.

"Do you suppose that N. Ticeum and B. Phoolum's 'Great Moral Show,' with 'six tigers, five elephants, a giraffe, hippopotamus, kangaroo, in-se-mer-a-le monkeys, wild men of Borneo, living skeleton, educated bull and a ship of the desert,' would come to a mean little village like this? Skowhegan's the town it's going to move through, and it will pass Tucker's Corner at five o'clock to-morrow morning."

So Silas Elder says to me, "You get into the back of my mink cart, Tadgers" (Tommy felt deeply the dignity of being "Tadgers"), "and I'll give you a lift as far as the Corner, Tadgers. Then you can follow the procession, and go to the show at Skowhegan."

"Tadgers," says he, "Now, Philemon, how would you like to come along too?"

"And Romeo Augustus with me?" questioned Philemon, eagerly.

Tadgers shook his head.

"Come by yourself, or not at all," said he, firmly. "What's more, you must be on hand by four o'clock to-morrow morning."

How could Philemon wake at that early hour? It was his wont not only to "sleep like a top all night," but also to "sleep at morn."

Tom, however, agreed to manage that. So when Philemon went to bed at night, it was with one end of a piece of stout twine tied to his ankle, while the other end hung out at the open window.

Neither Elias, John nor Romeo Augustus, who shared his chamber, spied the cord. Philemon waited till they were sound asleep before he arranged it.

The sun had not begun to show his face above the horizon when there came a brisk twitch on the twine. Philemon was broad awake in a twinkling, and rolled out of bed to dance a one-footed ballet, by reason of a series of jerks given to the cord by the sprightly Thomas below.

It was only after Philemon had knocked over two chairs and a cricket that he managed to hop wildly to the window and call in a hoarse whisper, "You'll wake the whole house if you don't quit," that Tom condescended to desist; and a few minutes later the two comrades were climbing into the back of Silas Elder's cart, all ready to start for "The Great Moral Show."

The cart was not spacious, and its springs were few and far between, as Philemon's bones bore witness. He began, all at once, to wonder if it might not have been better to have mentioned to his parents that he intended to be absent the greater part of the day.

He recollected, with a pang, that it was his mother's custom to be anxious when one of her six precious boys was long out of her sight.

Suddenly, "Look there! there! there!" shouted Tom Tadgers.

Sure enough; there—there—there, in the distance, was a caravan moving slowly toward Tucker's Corner. It must be, it is N. Ticeum and B. Phoolum's show.

Nearer and nearer it came. Tom and Philemon jumped out of the cart, that they might be ready to join the "gigantic procession."

And now they were in its midst. To be sure, the glories of "the stupendous gilded chariot" were shrouded by brown canvas; the monkeys, tigers and the hippopotamus were shut up in their cages; neither were the giraffe and kangaroo visible as yet. But here were the elephants marching majestically along; here was the educated bull, with a ring through his nose; and so near that Philemon could have touched him was the living skeleton in all his enchanting leanness.

Philemon actually danced up and down in ecstasy. The man who seemed to have charge of affairs caught sight of his beaming face, and broke into a good-natured laugh.

"Hallo, my little chap, would you like a ride to-day?" says he, and before Philemon knew what was going to happen, he found himself astride of the back of a huge gray elephant.

Was there ever such a morning! It did seem as if the sun fairly outdid itself, such billows of light did it pour forth. The polking unceasing danced round about the caravan, and would by no means be left behind. The corn in Farmer Tucker's field waved its silken tassels in a delighted frenzy. All the golden-rod and asters were alert to see the sight.

At last the coverings were taken from the gilded chariot; fife and drums struck up a tune. All the Skowhegan boys came flocking out of town to meet the caravan. Some one put an American flag into Philemon's hand. What an honor! The lad's heart swelled with pride. He held his head high. He was actually a part of "The Great Moral Show."

So absorbed was he in his high dignity that he did not notice that they were nearing the bridge which stretched across the Kennebec River, just outside of Skowhegan. Neither did he observe that the elephants were separating themselves from the rest of the train, until, just as the gilded chariot passed on the bridge, the animal Philemon rode broke into a trot—and what a trot!—starting down the river bank, followed by the other four elephants.

Philemon clung down with both his hands. Into the stream plunged the beasts, wading clumsily along until the water was breast-high, when they began to swim. Philemon stuck like a little burr to the gray back.

At last the elephants gained a foothold once more. But they were by no means ready to give up the cool water. They snorted; they trumped; they plunged; they sucked the water into their trunks, and poured it out again in great streams. Never had Philemon had such a shower-bath. One of the elephants lay down and rolled playfully over and over. Philemon was frightened nearly out of his wits; suppose his elephant should do likewise? Instead of that, he rose to within a few feet of the bank, and, having first treated his rider to a few extra bucketfuls of water, twisted his trunk round one of Philemon's legs.

There was a jerk, a dizzy whirl through the air, and our friend lay "high," but by no means "dry," upon the earth.

The crowd gathered round. He heard Tom Tadgers's voice in a terrified wail: "He's dead! he's dead!"

Then some one else spoke: "Bring water."

This was adding insult to injury. Up as straight as a ramrod sat the afflicted Philemon. "If anybody dares to put another drop of water on me, I'll—I'll—I'll go home!" gasped he.

There was a burst of merriment at that tremendous threat, and the young hero was lifted on some one's shoulders and borne along in triumph. Strange to say, he was not even bruised, and he forgot his mishap, when, an hour later, he was permitted to help in spreading tan around the open space where Madame Lucetta Almazida was to ride the famous horse Pegasus, and perform her "world-renowned feat" of jumping through seventeen hoops and a "barrel wrapped in flames."

That noon Philemon was actually invited to dine with Mons. Duval, the "incomparable gymnast," and a host of other circus celebrities.

"You're a plucky little fellow, and fit to feed along of us," said Mons. Duval, with a grin.

Philemon was much pleased by the compliment, which, though perchance not expressed in the most refined language, showed a kindly appreciation of his merits.

He entirely forgot Tom Tadgers, who, not having had the luck to meet with an accident, was left outside. In fact, Philemon saw Tom no more that day, and the latter, at the close of the afternoon, met Silas Elder once more, and rode peacefully home, where he went to bed, quite omitting to say a word to anybody about Philemon.

In the mean time that worthy ate his dinner with his new companions. He would not argue with his mother, but he might have wondered more had not one of the men poured a yellow liquid into a cup, and handed it to him.

"Drink this, my man," said he.

Then everybody laughed. The liquid was sweet. Philemon liked it. He drank every drop. Soon he began to feel very bright and merry; and when a new song was sung he joined lustily in the chorus. He had a clear, high, ringing voice.

"Bless us!" exclaimed Mons. Duval. "Tip us a song yourself, boy."

A white abashed, Philemon began to sing.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mons. Duval. "Tim Luker, what used to do our first trouble, was took sick this morning. What d'ye say, youngster, to being blacked up, and singing this evening to the circus along o' our minstrel troupe?"

That yellow liquid was in Philemon's blood. His eyes sparkled, his cheeks flamed.

"Yes, I'll sing," cried he, boisterously, "and I'll go to the ends of the earth with you."

After dinner—it was strange—he felt dazed. Mons. Duval, for some reason, was extremely amused, and considered it a great joke.

"You lay down here and take a nap," he said, and actually took off his own coat to put over Philemon. The boy slept all that afternoon; indeed, he never opened his eyes till it was nearly time for the evening's entertainment to begin.

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The big dingy tent where the performance was to come off was lighted. Philemon followed Mons. Duval into the small tent behind the large one, where those who were to take part awaited their several turns.

He stood meekly silent, while his face, hands and neck were daubed with some sticky black stuff; and then, as bidden, he arrayed himself in some extraordinary baggy yellow clothes, and a big paper collar.

He caught sight of himself in a bit of glass. He looked like a little black imp. What would his mother say to see him? A feeling of intense shame surged over him. He crouched down in a corner, wishing he could hide himself from the eyes of all men.

Philemon looked around him, and there, close by, was a boy about his own age, with large brown eyes and white cheeks. He was dressed in dsh-colored tights.

"Who are you?" asked Philemon, as the boy stared and half smiled.

"I'm the 'Phenomenal Trapezist,'" announced the lad, solemnly.

"What do you do?"

"Oh, I go up on the trapeze, at the tip-top of the tent, and my father and uncle—they're the crack gymnasts, you know—they toss me about as if I was a ball. By-and-by I'm going to learn to hang by my toes, and take a flying leap, sixty feet, to the slack-rope near the ground."

"Aren't you frightened?" exclaimed Philemon.

"Ye—" began the boy, and then quickly changed his tone, as a man clad in scarlet and gilt came near. "No, I am scared, I like it."

"Of course he ain't scared," said the man, roughly. "Come, Bill, it's time for you and me to show ourselves."

They were joined by Bill's uncle, and the three passed into the outer tent. Philemon put his eye against a hole in the canvas to watch them.

Like monkeys the two men and the child swung themselves aloft, and reached the tent roof. Here they twisted, they turned, they made fearful leaps from one trapeze to another, until Philemon trembled to see them. At last both men hung by their knees, head downward, and Bill crept carefully to the end of a long rope gave a spring, and caught his father's hands.

There was an awful pause; then small Bill was sent spinning through the air, sixty-five feet from the ground, to be caught, by his uncle, tossed back to his father, now seized by an arm, now by a leg, now almost missed, now twirled round and round like a ball. Philemon caught his breath, and stretched out his hand in an agony of fear. His hand touched another, which was as cold as ice. Glancing up, he found Mme. Lucetta Almazida close by, her eye glued to another hole in the canvas, her breath coming short and thick, her face livid and drawn. Not knowing what she did, she clutched Philemon's hand, and he heard her utter:

"My baby! my baby!"

"Bill!" was her own "Phenomenal Trapezist," and under Madame Lucetta Almazida's shabby bodice a mother's heart beat wildly.

Philemon's heart beat too. What if he had been a "Bill," and his own sweet mother had worn short skirts and ridden Pegasus? Horrible!

Poor Lucetta Almazida! Poor little Bill!

But there was time to think of them no more. The band of negro minstrels was ready to sing, and Philemon seized Philemon's hand, and hurried into the ring. There was a shout from the spectators. Some one gave him a nudge.

"Pipe up, boy. We're ready for 'Massa's in the cold, cold ground.'"

Philemon opened his mouth, but no sound came. The eyes on every side burned into him. His one desire was to rush away from those blackened men, from the choking odor of tan and kerosene, from the disgrace of standing there, like a little black fiend, to be hooted at and expected to make fun for the crowd. His brain reeled. With a cry he broke from a detaining hand, and ran headlong across the arena, his yellow coat tails flapping about his heels.

Through the back tent he sped, past Madame Lucetta Almazida, who was holding the "Phenomenal Trapezist" in her arms, past Mons. Duval, out into

the night. Home—home—home—that was the place toward which, if he had had wings, he would have flown. Being neither an angel nor even a bird, only a little wretched boy, all he could do was to stumble along the dark road. Eight miles away was his home. On and on he went, and at last his weary feet began to flag.

It seemed as if the chirping crickets were hissing at him. The frogs in the ponds croaked disapprovingly. Even the stars winked reproachfully.

He was growing exhausted. He sank down by a fence, and his eyelids closed heavily.

The sun was high when he awoke. And then a colder, hungrier boy he never saw. Six miles from home was he. There was nothing for it but to plod along, for there were no houses on that road. One mile, two miles, he walked. He picked some apples by the roadside, but they were sour and hard. Sometimes he tried to run, but had to give that up.

At five o'clock that afternoon the cook at a certain farm-house was frying doughnuts in the back kitchen. She was looking very sober, and nearly near a very sober boy, who every now and then drew his hand across his eyes. At last he spoke.

"Cert'ly," said he, "do you call late they'll ever find him?"

Certainly put another doughnut into the expostulating fat. "Romeo Augustus," said she, "is my opinion that maybe they're dead, and maybe they mayn't; an' like as not if they die, it'll only be his body, and— Oh!"

Certainly gave a great scream, and dropped her painful of doughnuts on the floor, for on the threshold of the "pump-room" stood a boy as black as the ace of spades, clad in startling yellow clothes, his neck ornamented with a huge paper collar.

This image opened his mouth and spake. "Where's my mother? Give me a doughnut."

Certainly shrieked louder than ever. An opposite door opened, and out rushed a lady whose eyes were swollen with crying.

"Mother!" called out the black boy, as he flew into her open arms.

"Philemon! mother's own little boy!" she sobbed; while Romeo Augustus performed a war-dance about the two.

I think Philemon's father was so relieved when he beheld his fifth-born, that he would have *whipped* him with a stick. But his mother would by no means allow that. She gave him preserved peaches and cream toast instead.

"For you'll never do such a thing again, will you?" demanded she, tenderly.

Philemon gazed lovingly at her, with a mouth full of toast. "Catch me," said he.—*Harper's Young People.*

S. H. Irwin, of Ute Creek, Colfax Co., New Mexico, says: My wife has been cured of a cough of thirty years' standing by wearing an "Only Lung Pad."—See Ad.

The Way of the World.

Mr. Factandancy has noticed:

That the Latin language is a prime necessity in Commencement programmes.

That without it the apothecary would be unable (perhaps) to sell common salt, charcoal and elm bark at a hundred per cent. profit.

That everybody can read Latin readily, save two classes—those who never studied it and those who have finished studying it.

That a mother with a lively boy resembles nothing in nature so much as the hen with a duckling.

That it is amusing to see her worry and fret while the little imp goes through his illimitable programme, without seeming to remember that rubber balls and small boys are made for knocking around.

That everybody has his peculiar sphere of usefulness.

That the great worker cannot be expected to be a great talker, nor the great talker a great worker.

That, at any rate, the two attributes are seldom combined in the same person; but

That inasmuch as the great talker believes himself to be also a great worker, he is without doubt just as contented with himself as if he were the greatest of great workers.

That most men so love work that they put off all they can do to-morrow, that they may never be out of the employment they so much delight in.

That few men care to put off their eating and drinking; which shows them more provident in the matter of working than in eating.

That some men are so enamored of work that they will stand and watch another laborer, forgetting for hours all thoughts of self in their enchantment.

That women admire men, while men simply love women.

That love usually descends, or thinks it does. That is to say—

That the one who considers himself the better loves his supposed inferior.

That the mother loves her child, the man the woman.

That most men would rather be thought good than be good.

That those who think the most of we try to deceive the most.

That because we love ourselves the best does not disprove this proposition.

That, as a rule, those whom we succeed in deceiving in regard to ourselves put the highest value on us.

That it would be good logic but bad morals to say, therefore, deceive all you can.

That a kick lives longer in the memory than a kiss.

That, therefore, a kick is better than a kiss. (We suspect that this is not strictly true.)

That a boy loves his mother, but at the same time suspects she is a goosy.

That a boy respects his father's feelings less than his muscle.

That a girl looks upon her mother as a sort of elder sister.

That a girl is an enchantress by instinct, and usually practices her arts upon her father before she is out of pinafores. (We had almost said pantalons. But only the old fogies know anything about pantalons.)

That a mother loves her boy because it is her nature to love anything that teases her almost to death.

That a mother loves her girl because she knows that none of her sex can be happy unless loved.

That a father loves his boy because the young rascal constantly reminds him of his own happy boyhood.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

SCIENCE VS. EPILEPSY!

DOCTOR against QUACK!

A Leading London Physician Establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of Epileptic Fits.

(From Am. Journal of Medicine.)

Dr. J. Mesorale (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing. We have heard of cases of over 25 years' standing, successfully cured by him. He has published a valuable work on this disease, one wishing a cure to address Dr. J. MESORALE, No. 90, 91th St., New York.

PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS!

For Reading Clubs, for Amateur Theatricals, Temperance Plays, Drawing-Room Plays, Fairy Plays, Ethiopian Plays, Guide Books, Spectators, Pantomimes, Tableaux Lights, Magnesium Lights, Colored Fire, Burnt Cork, Theatrical Face Preparation, Jarley's Wax Works, Wigs, Beards, and Moustaches at reduced prices. Costumes, Scenery, Charades. New catalogues sent free containing full description and prices.

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CURE

Is made from a Simple Tropical Leaf of rare Value, and is a POSITIVE REMEDY for all the diseases that cause pain in the lower part of the body, for Tertiary Liver, Headaches, Jaundice, Gravel, Gout, Malaria, and all difficulties of the Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs. For Female Diseases, Monthly Menstruations, and during Pregnancy, it has no equal. It restores the organs that secrete the blood, and hence it is the best Blood Purifier. It is the only known remedy that cures Bright's Disease. For Diabetes, see Watson's Safe in Symples Case.

For Sale by Druggists and all Dealers at \$1.25 per bottle. Half Bottle, 60c. Try it.

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Brush and Comb Cases, Dressing Cases, Cologne Bottles, Collogues and Extracts for the Hair and Kerchiefs, Chamomile-skins, Hair, Nail and Tooth Brushes, Toilet Soaps, Prepared Bird-Seed, Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines, Chamomile-skin Jackets

COR. MAIN and MILWAUKEE STS.

28th

Popular Monthly Drawing of the

Commonwealth Distribution Company

AT MACAULEY'S THEATRE, in the City of Louisville

MONDAY, JAN. 31st, 1881.

These drawings occur monthly (Sundays excepted) under provisions of an Act of the General Assembly of Kentucky, incorporated in the Report of the State Auditor, approved April 9, 1878.

This is a special act, and has never been repealed.

The United States Circuit Court on March 31st rendered the following decision:

The Commonwealth Distribution Company is legal.

21. Its drawings are fair.

The Company has now on hand a large reserve fund. Read the list of prizes for the

JANUARY DRAWING.

1 Prize, \$30,000 100 prizes 100 each 10,000

2 Prizes 5,000 each 200 prizes 500 each 20,000

3 Prizes 2,000 each 1,000 prizes 1,000 each 10,000

4 Prizes 1,000 each 2,000 prizes 500 each 10,000

5 Prizes 500 each 4,000 prizes 250 each 10,000

6 Prizes 250 each 8,000 prizes 125 each 10,000

7 Prizes 125 each 16,000 prizes 62 1/2 each 10,000

8 Prizes 62 1/2 each 32,000 prizes 31 1/4 each 10,000

9 Prizes 31 1/4 each 64,000 prizes 15 62 1/2 each 10,000

10 Prizes 15 62 1/2 each 128,000 prizes 7 81 1/2 each 10,000

11 Prizes 7 81 1/2 each 256,000 prizes 3 90 3/4 each 10,000

12 Prizes 3 90 3/4 each 512,000 prizes 1 81 3/4 each 10,000

13 Prizes 1 81 3/4 each 1,024,000 prizes 31 1/2 each 10,000

14 Prizes 31 1/2 each 2,048,000 prizes 15 62 1/2 each 10,000

15 Prizes 15 62 1/2 each 4,096,000 prizes 7 81 1/2 each 10,000

16 Prizes 7 81 1/2 each 8,192,000 prizes 3 90 3/4 each 10,000

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dr. V. CLARENCE PRICE</

